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2 1/4 x 3 1/4	40c.	2 1/4 x 3 1/4	9c. ea.	2 1/4 x 3 1/4	80c.	2 1/4 x 3 1/4	9c. ea.
2 1/4 x 3 1/4	45c.	2 1/4 x 3 1/4	10c. ea.	2 1/4 x 3 1/4	90c.	2 1/4 x 3 1/4	10c. ea.
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The Holloway Studio, Ltd.,
 Corner Henry Street
 and Bates' Hill,
 St. John's, Newfoundland.

Divorced Life
 Helen Hessong Fuesle

The Folly of Marriage

Parker lighted a cigar and listened with interest to Marian's sprightly discussion of men's folly of marriage. They were seated in a sequestered corner of the restaurant in Chinatown, next to a window which afforded a view of the night scene on the busy, polyglot street below.

"You have a very different point of view than that of most women," said Barker. "Women don't often regard men as the sufferers in marriage. They usually regard men as the brutes and women as the martyrs. You interest me."

"Why shouldn't the truth be interesting?" demanded Marian. "The wave of feminism which is sweeping the world is helping women to see the truth."

"Yes, but isn't all this feminism affixing a shipping tag to romance and rushing it to parts unknown?" asked Barker.

"Romance simply clouds the vision and makes us see things in fantastic, unreal proportions," replied Marian wickily. "It is a drug dispensed by poets for the purpose of ensnaring the young."

"You speak with the wisdom of one who has entirely escaped the snare?" prodded the Bostonian.

"No, I have fortunately been able to extricate myself from the snare. It's more satisfactory to look back upon that sort of thing than to look forward to going through with it."

"And yet you're just a girl," exclaimed the other.

"A trifle older in experience than in years," smiled Marian.

"It's a wonderful thing to be in love," said the man with fires smoldering in his brown eyes.

"I don't know. I fancy that love is as rare as it is short-lived. It's a sort of fever. The remedy, as I said, is usually found in marriage."

"I should hate to think that," argued the man.

"I don't think it; I know it," said Marian bluntly.

"Then you've been married?" was the surprised rejoinder.

"Yes, and divorced."

The man from Boston was silent for a moment. "Then you've suffered more than I had any idea of, although I imagined you must have sustained some severe blow."

Tenderness was now in his voice and eyes. There is a type of a man who is drawn with strange attraction to a woman who has undergone the ordeal of divorce. If he already cares for her, his interest becomes heightened with sympathy and pity for her woes. She is different from other women. She has been tried and tempered by fierce fires. She has background. Her personality takes on an esoteric, indefinable, subtle character that goads the masculine mind into a desire to help and understand.

"I appreciate your making a confidant of me," said Barker soberly. "Chinatown is getting noisy. Shall we go?"

To-morrow—On the Bowery.

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for housing the working woman, and appeals for sympathy for her loneliness are out in all directions, for the problem is now quite acute. The latest scheme concerns the educated working woman of small means, not necessarily the young woman, and to meet her case a huge block of tiny flats is to be built around the house in St. John's Wood where John MacWhirter lived. That is to be the nucleus of the settlement, and will provide the common living-rooms and the club life, while the adjoining buildings will contain flats of varying sizes. The great feature of the scheme as outlined is the one room flat, with the bed shut off from the living room in a two windowed recess, the balcony and the minute kitchen also shut off with sliding doors. These are to be very cheap and so are the two-roomed flats, and every flat is to have a bath. The only thing one does not quite like about the scheme is the sentimental way it is being advertised. The idea is so excellent and the need for such accommodation so urgent that one feels there is no need to introduce the sentimental note. Loneliness is not a matter of environment, and many a woman who counts it as one of the modern woman's privileges that after a long day's work she may shut herself off from the world would yet eagerly welcome the chance of freeing herself from the vagaries of a landlady or fellow boarders, finding refuge in a well-equipped, inexpensive flat. Applications for these flats come from women of every profession—doctors, teachers and journalists, as well as from women whose working days are over and who plead the loneliness of their enforced leisure.

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LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, August 4th, 1914.

AUSTRIAN HOPES.

Writing in the beginning of practically Europe's first war week, questions in connection with this warfare are gradually commencing to dominate the whole situation as represented in the columns of the newspapers and conversations in the clubs and everywhere else where men meet together. Talking a few days ago with Austrians in London, I found both hope and depression with regard to their portion of the outlook. Some expressed hopes of speedy peace and these hopes turned out to be based on the belief that Russia was not ready for war and knew it. "They are simply procrastinating in the Russian way," said a well-informed Austrian to me. "It is very dangerous, but I do not believe it will come to serious war. Neither Russia nor France is ready. France is never ready except on paper." As to the readiness of France, Austrian opinion is not very valuable. But Austrians know Russia as none other of her neighbors know her. As to the outcome of the war many Austrians here are basing their confidence on the hopeless corruption of Russia. An Austrian friend gave me a curious example of this corruption as Austrians see it. All the oats sold in the market place of Cracow, in Austrian Poland, he said, are military stores from over the Russian frontier, stolen and sold by the Russian officers.

More recently, however, in talking with these same Austrians I find that a mood of black depression has succeeded. Even upon the assumption that France and Russia will be defeated in the war, they feel that the victory and the profit of it will be Germany's not Austria's. I talked to a retired Austrian officer who has kept himself in close touch with the national point of view throughout the crisis. "It is all over with Austria," he said, sadly; "there will be no Austria when the war is finished." He believed that whatever happened the partition of Austria was inevitable. The German parts of Austria would be saved in a sense, for they would be added to the German Empire. The only hope for Austria, he added, was from internal revolution in Russia and especially from risings in Little Russia and Poland. The Austrian belief is that the insurgent movement in both these provinces is ready to break out the moment the Austrian troops cross the frontier. I am told, indeed, that there is a definite understanding between the Polish insurgent party and the Austrian Government, and that Polish officers in the Austrian army are not being sent to the front, but are being held in reserve to officer the rising in Russian Poland should it occur. There is another possibility—that Roumania and Bulgaria may take a hand in the Balkan game and keep Serbia in check.

I have had a talk with one of the

AND FEARS.

most eminent of German journalists in London. He assured me that the war was not only unwelcome to Germany, but utterly unexpected. "Do you think," he said, "that the Kaiser would have gone away for a holiday on July 22nd, if he had expected to be at war on August 3rd?" His view of the matter was that Germany had been dragged into it disastrously by Austria. "We have been had by Austria," he said. Germany, in his opinion, ought to have prevented Austria from sending her ultimatum to Serbia. Feeling in Germany, he tells me, is very depressed, even in Government circles. "You in England over-estimate the power of Germany," he added. "We do not over-estimate it. We do not imagine that we shall sweep over France like cleaning a plate."

THE RETURNED TOURISTS.

London is full of fluttered holiday makers who just managed to get out of Germany by the last train and the last boat, and they are full of their adventures. It was my duty to welcome one pair of tourists home last night—a mother and daughter who certainly showed every sign of having had a rough passage. They had registered their baggage through from Cologne, but had lost it all. They were furnished with nothing but German paper money, but apparently they could not get German paper money changed even in Germany, and certainly not anywhere else. They had travelled, of course, for eighteen hours in trains and boats packed to suffocation. The boat from Flushing was carrying six times its usual number of passengers, and most of them were seasick and drenched to the skin. But they had one pleasant thing to record. All those passengers, of all nationalities, from American to Roumanian, fraternized and helped one another. They nursed each other in sickness, they gave each other food, and, last and strongest test of human brotherhood, perfect strangers lent each other money.

A PARALLEL, WITH A DIFFERENCE.

"I have a hundred good horses and a hundred good men. Where shall I send them?" This message, sent last week to the Tsar from a Caucasian landowner, recalls how Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, on one famous occasion sent his own carriage horses to India at the time of the Indian Mutiny, for every horse was almost priceless. There is a little addition to the story here, however. Some troops has come to the Cape to assist in the Kaffir war which was then raging in Cape Colony. Sir George Grey sent these off to India, where they were used to quell the mutiny. Then he sent word to Krell, the Kaffir Chief, that the Great White Queen was busy fighting an enemy in another part of the world. Krell, would have to wait until the Great White Queen was ready, and then they would fight. Krell, who was one of the finest gentlemen that the world ever saw as well as being the handsomest savage that ever lived, agreed to these terms. It was a curiously chivalrous reversal of the rule by which more civilized or less ingenious nations are now being guided.

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HERBERT KNIGHT, Manager.

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